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Third Edition.

HOW TO DIE FOR LOVE!

A

FARCE, IN TWO ACTS:

PERFORMED AT THE

NEW ENGLISH OPERA, LYCEUM THEATRE,

(WITH ADDITIONAL SONGS)

AND THE THEATRE ROYAL HAYMARKET,

Adapted from a Sketch in one Act, by Kotzebue;

CALLED

BLIND GELADEN.

"To die for love," the ladies will exclaim:
"There's no such thing; the farce must have a name,
"That men have died, there needs no ghost to prove,
"And worms have eaten them; but not for love."
But now our author has found out a way,
That if you wish to die for love, you may,
Nay, start not, Sirs, nor look thus at a dead-lock,
Here, though we die for love, we live for wedlock.

Extract from the intended Prologue.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR C. CHAPPLE, 66, PALL MALL.

1816.

Price Two Shillings.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.	*Lyceum*, 1812.	*English Opera*, 1816.	*Haymarket*, 1816.
Baron Altorf,	Mr. PENSON,	Mr. LANCASTER,	Mr. BURTON.
Captain Thalwick,	Mr. DECAMP,	Mr. T. SHORT,	Mr. RUSSELL.
Captain Blumenfeld,	Mr. WRENCH,	Mr. WRENCH,	Mr. JONES.
Trick,	Mr. OXBERRY,	Mr. WILKINSON,	Mr. TOKELY.
Trap,	Mr. KNIGHT,	Mr. J. RUSSELL,	Mr. WATKINSON.
Michael, *a Brickmaker*,	Mr. MADDOCKS,	Mr. HERBERT,	Mr. MINTON.
WOMAN.			
Charlotte,	Miss KELLY,	Miss L. KELLY,	Miss TAYLOR.

SCENE — *A Village in Germany.*

(For the additional Songs, see the last Page.)

H. Hewitt, Printer,
8, *White Hart Yard, Drury-Lane.*

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1816

HOW TO DIE FOR LOVE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room in the Baron's House.

Enter BARON ALTORF *and* CHARLOTTE.

Baron.

WELL, Charlotte, once for all decide yourself, for I have announced to your two lovers that you would this day chuse between them.

Charl. There, papa, you have done very wrong.

Bar. Affectation! did you not say but yesterday that you liked them both?

Charl. Just so. I do like them both; and so much so—

Bar. That for aught I know, you would wish to marry them both.

Charl. Heaven forbid! women are quite satisfied with *one* man, provided he is faithful.

Bar. Well, chuse that one then.

Charl. Who can answer for my chusing the right one?

Bar. But these officers have already been here some months; time enough, surely, to know them.

Charl. My poor mother used to say, men are not to be known before marriage.

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Bar. Psha! you know Blumenfeld is a man of honour.

Charl. So is Thalwick.

Bar. Blumenfeld is a pleasant fellow.

Charl. So is Thalwick.

Bar. Blumenfeld has the manners of a gentleman.

Charl. So has Thalwick.

Bar. Blumenfeld is a man of property.

Charl. So is Thalwick.

Bar. I tell you what, Charlotte, you'll put me in a passion. These buzzing admirers will be daily dunning my ears again. I must have rest. The thing must be decided.

Charl. Well then, decide yourself, papa.

Bar. Not I, indeed. At the very first quarrel after your marriage, it would be said, "That's your fault, papa; I would have chosen the other."

Charl. Indeed, I'll not promise that that would not happen.

Bar. I will therefore have nothing to do with the business.

Charl. How shall it be settled then?

Bar. That's your concern; if you cannot come to a decision, send them both away.

Charl. Not I, indeed, papa; I might not have such a chance again. Truly I am an unfortunate creature: riches make me poor: two suitors—absolutely in love with neither, and yet disliking neither.

Bar. If you could but guess which of them loves you the better.

Charl. A thought has occurred to me, which I think may bring this affair to a conclusion. Suppose you tell the gentlemen, as if it were an idea of your own, that they are to settle the matter

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between themselves; and that he who can persuade the other to give up the contest amicably, shall receive my hand.

Bar. Pho! that would only make them amicably blow each other's brains out.

Charl. That must be prohibited under pain of my utter rejection. I must not have a brainless husband. They will require all the brains they have. Cunning, persuasion, bribery, every thing shall be fair in love, as in war; but none of the fighting of it.

Bar. Well, and to what end is all this?

Charl. He who loves me best will soon find ways and means to get rid of his rival.

Bar. That seems to me to be measuring a man's love by his wit, when you ought rather to estimate it by his want of it.

Charl. Be that as it may, I am elated with my scheme. The lists are opened; the herald gives the signal; the conqueror claims his bride.

Bar. No good will come of this, I fear.

Enter TRAP.

Trap. Captain Thalwick, Sir, my master, and myself, Trap, his servant, and Captain Blumenfeld, Sir, with Mr. Trick, *his* servant, have just returned to quarters. I am despatched Sir, as the *avant courier* of love, *(looking tenderly at* Charlotte) to announce our first visit to the baron, and the charming object of our aggregate and unanimous adoration; for we are all four devoted to her; we servants, by the word of command of our officers. A private soldier, Sir, should fall into love, as he falls into the ranks, because it is the will of his captain; and should fix his affections, as he does his bayonet, sharp at the word.

Bar. When you have finished prating, Sir, you will have the goodness to shew the officers into

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the refectory; and tell them I will join them in a glass of wine immediately. They will agree till I come, I dare say. Let them toast my daughter. But to love her is a point upon which they are so entirely agreed, that I am afraid it is the only one upon which they will fall out.

Trap. They have already taken possession of the refectory, Sir; and seeing wine upon the table, have nearly finished the bottle by this time, I warrant.

Bar. I like their jollity in the midst of all this love, however; (*to* Charlotte) I will acquaint them with your decision, that you cannot decide; and with the notable arbitration, to which you propose to refer the matter.

Charl. That's my good father: and depend upon a speedy crisis to this momentous affair.

Bar. I care not how it ends, so that it does end. [*Exit.*

Charl. (Not seeing that Trap *remains behind)* I am not sorry to give fortune some small share in this choice; for although I perhaps go too far in saying that I have not a grain more of love for one of my suitors than for the other, yet I certainly should not think my future lot with either irreconcileably unhappy. There, is, nevertheless, something about Thalwick—*(seeing* Trap) Oh, lord! here's his servant still, what can he be lingering here for? *(affects to sing, as if she had not been speaking to herself before—*"How happy could I be with either," &c.)—Trap!

Trap. (as if he were answering to a roll-call) Here!

Charl. Well, Mr. Trap, what sort of a recruiting excursion have you and the captains had? *(aside)* I'll sound him respecting the different manners in which my lovers conducted themselves, when away from me.

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Trap. *(Aside.)* I'll endeavour to sift out which of the officers she prefers in her own heart.

Charl. Captain Thalwick enjoyed excellent spirits during his excursion, did he not, Mr. Trap.

Trap. *(Aside.)* She'll get nothing out of me to the prejudice of my master, that I can tell her. *(aloud.)* No, ma'am, you mean Captain Blumenfeld: my master was as melancholy at his absence from you, as—as, I dare say, you were at your absence from him.

Charl. *(Aside.)* So! I'm not so easily caught. *(aloud.)* I assure you, friend, I never was more lively than during the absence of your melancholy master, Captain Thalwick. The society of Captain Blumenfeld, indeed—

Trap. But you contrived to be lively, you know, ma'am; and they were both absent together.

Charl. *(Aside.)* The rogue *has* caught me, though. *(aloud.)* Well, Mr. Trap, I have promised my lovers a fair and equal chance of success, and therefore do not hold it just to protract this conversation with you.

Trap. May I presume to hope, Madam, that I might share the event of my master's success; and stipulate, that whenever he changes the title of your humble servant, for that of your lord and master—

Charl. Oh, fie! Mr. Trap, how can you anticipate those choking words?

Trap. —I might succeed to the former title.

[*Bell rings.*

Charl. There, Captain Thalwick is ringing for you, I dare say.

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Trap. I go, Madam. A servant should always make interest with his presumptive mistress, if he wishes to remain in the service of his marrying master; just as a shrewd politician always preserves a snug corner in his devotions for the lucrative worship of the Rising Sun. [*Exit.*

Charl. After the old batter'd baron, with whom my father lately threatened me, as a substitute for a husband, almost any young man is acceptable; and in whose favour soever this adventure shall terminate, I may at least say, in the words of England's Shakespeare:

" Age, I do abhor thee!
" Youth, I do adore thee!
" Oh! my love is young."

Song.

Get thee gone, age!
Thy step totters slowly; thy contact is cold;
What has warm youth to do with the frigid and old?
Thy wrinkles are frowns, and thy frowns bespeak care;
Why dost thou interfere with the young and the fair?

Come hither, youth!
Thy figure is graceful; thy attitude free;
And the young and the fair will all listen to thee.
The smile on thy cheek bespeaks happiness there;
And thy warm address conquers the young and the fair.

Get thee gone age! Come hither, youth!

[*Exit.*

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SCENE II.

Another Room in the Baron's House.—The Baron, Thalwick, *and* Blumenfeld *discovered at a Wine-table.*

Blumenfeld.

A HERCULEAN task indeed!

Thalw. A problem more difficult to solve than the riddle of the sphinx!

Blum. Depend upon it, I can never be brought to renounce the dearest of my hopes.

Thalw. Death alone can make me comply with such a demand.

Bar. No, no; there's to be no death: a temporary removal is all that will be required.

Thalw. Very well; but as for me, baron, I do not stir.

Blum. I'm fixed as her guardian angel.

Bar. Then matters remain as they were.

Thalw. What do you call removal?

Blum. The term is extremely vague.

Bar. That question you may settle between yourselves.

Thalw. For a lover, a trip to the next village is a great removal.

Blum. If I were but to o'erstep the limits of your estate, I should confess myself conquered.

Bar The limits of my estate? Good! this would at once be a criterion; and you might

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agree, that whichever can induce the other to o'erstep the boundaries of my estate (you know the land-marks about the village) has won her.

Thalw. I agree to this.

Blum. And I.

Thalw. But I say, baron, at that rate you may lay your account not to be rid of me these ten years.

Blum. I am a candidate for eternity.

Bar. I know better than that. At the first wrinkle in my daughter's cheek, you'll both take leave of her with as much *sang froid* as I now do of you. [*Exit.*

Thalw. I say, Blumenfeld, this is a droll situation we are in.

Blum. We remain friends as before?

Thalw. Of course.

Blum. Then perhaps you might be so kind, as, out of pure friendship, to renounce your claim.

Thulw. Do you think so, indeed? You are you are mightily mistaken.

Bulm. You declared but yesterday, that you would go through fire and water to serve me.

Thalw. Through fire and water, true; but not beyond the land-mark. But perhaps you, with your nobler sentiments, could be prevailed upon—

Blum. Do you think so, indeed? You are mightily mistaken.

Thalw. How often have you assured me, that you would share your last morsel with me?

Blum. My last morsel, true; but not a morsel of my wife.

Thalw. Well, then, it remains to be seen, which of us will be the more obstinate in maintaining his ground.

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Blum. I do not march till my colours are planted on the fortress.

Thalw. Victory or disgrace is the word. [*Exit.*

Blum. Let me consider! Where can my servant be? Trick!

Enter TRAP.

That's lucky; Trap will do better. I say, Trap! stop one moment.

Trap. What is your pleasure, Sir?

Blum. I want to bribe you.

Trap. Heav'n be prais'd! That has not happened to me this long while.

Blum. You must help me to make your master pass the boundaries of the Baron's estate.

Trap. Lord, Sir, he can do that without either your help or mine.

Blum. Phoo, phoo; you don't understand me.

Trap. No plot against my master, I hope.

Blum. A plot! nonsense: the thing is called an alliance, a coalition.

Trap. Ah, that's another matter: a fine name is a cloak for every thing.

Blum. You of course are acquainted with all your master's secrets.

Trap. As for that, I have been only three months in his service; and he is so kind and easy, as hardly ever to speak to me; but nevertheless, one hears and sees many a little thing.

Blum. The concerns of his family for instance.

Trap. Most certainly: *(aside.)* For money, I will know all his relations.

Blum. I ought by rights to be better informed on this topic than you; but our acquaintance is yet young; and during its whole ex-

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istence, our love secrets have not permitted us to give a thought to those of our family.

Trap. No matter, Sir; I know every thing you want.

Blum. Then take this as bounty-money.

Trap. Zounds! now I am your recruit, head, hand, and heart.

Blum. Come with me into my barrack-room, and I will put your abilities to the test.

Trap. Without flattering myself, you will find I possess great talents.

Blum. For roguery?

Trap. Oh, fie! for politics.

Blum. That's pretty much the same thing.—Trick! I told that rascal to wait.

Enter TRICK, *who had been overhearing the latter part of this conversation.*

Trick. Here am I, Sir.

Blum. You, Trick, I appoint my spy; stay in this house, and observe every thing that is going forward. I must not only shut other people's eyes, but I must open my own. [*Exit with* Trap.

Trick. (Alone.) Much obliged to you, Sir; spies are hanged in the army. That, to be sure, would be no great matter, nor any mighty disgrace; for the whole human race consists of only two c asses of rogues, such as are hanged, and such as are not hanged: therefore if one has the misfortune to be doomed to the first class, one ought at least to be well paid for it; whereas, in the present case, my comrade Trap is gone off with a full purse, and I am obliged to be satisfied with the empty honour. But that's the way all great people act: they always give more to strangers than to their own faithful servants.

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Enter THALWICK.

Thalw. Where can my rascal loiter? What, quite alone, friend Trick!

Trick. Oh, Sir! one is never alone, when one has virtue for a companion.

Thalw. Are you indeed so virtuous?

Trick. Most terribly.

Thalw. No more, I suppose, than is the way of the world. People generally remain virtuous as long as they can get nothing by roguery.

Trick. You wrong me, good Sir. I have, saving your presence, such a thing as a conscience; and that, let me tell you, is as tender as a cobweb.

Thalw. And yields as easily, I suppose.

Trick. Heaven forbid! I meant to say, that, in the same manner as the threads of a cobweb, at the slightest touch, inform the spider of the approach of an enemy, so does my conscience warn me instantly when Sin touches it, even with the tip of his little finger.

Thalw. Is it so indeed, Trick? I am sorry to hear it; for I had a little scheme in my head.

Trick. Might I be permitted to know it.

Thalw. To what purpose? your terrible conscience obliges me to give it up.

Trick. If you have any idea of bribing me, Sir, use no ceremony, but declare it at once.

Thalw. I am afraid of thy virtue.

Trick. Ah, Sir, every body, as you say, is virtuous till temptation comes.

Thalw. Is this the right temptation?

[*Gives money.*

Trick. Ah, Sir, the universal and irresistible one.

Thalw. Will you then serve under my colours?

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Trick. Aye, and march against friend or foe.

Thalw. Pray tell me, are there any foibles you have observed in your master's character?

Trick. Foibles, aye, as many as freckles on his face. You know the saying, Sir, no man is a hero to his *valet de chambre.*

Thalw. What does he dread most, now?

Trick. Let me see: he has an utter horror of infectious diseases. The plague, now, he would dread more than a battery of your four-and-twenty pounders.

Thalw. Say no more, then.

Enter TRAP.

Well, Sirrah, where may you have been all this while?

Trap. The mail, Sir, has just gone through the village. Did not you hear the horn? Here is a letter for you, Sir.

Trap. (Reads.) Hum! this is strange; where did you get this letter?

Trap. From the guard.

Thalw. A notary of our town writes me word that my mother lies on her death-bed, and anxiously desires once more to see me.

Trap. Alas, poor lady!

Thalw. He adds, that if I want to fulfil her wishes, I have not a moment to lose.

Trap. In that case I must saddle your horses immediately.

Thalw. But you know that love holds me fast here.

Trap. But filial duty, Sir.

Thalw. That's very true.

Trap. Methinks I hear the good old gentlewoman exclaiming—My son! oh, where is he? my dear son, that I may once more bless him!

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Thalw. You rend my heart with your pathetic appeal. There is only one little doubt that strikes me.

Trap. And what doubt, Sir, can a son have in such a situation?

Thalw. My mother has been dead these ten years.

Trap. The devil she has.

Thalw. And has left you a legacy of one hundred lashes.

Trap. The generous lady!

Thalw. Which shall be paid to you to the uttermost farthing.

Trap. Never mind, Sir; there is no particular hurry.

Thalw. You scoundrel, you have been bribed by my rival, I see.

Trap. I bribed, Sir! How can you think of such a thing? I could not know of the contents of the letter. If I had belonged to the post-office, indeed, I might have known how to open it, without breaking the seal.

Thalw. Did you not say the mail had brought the letter?

Trap. Captain Blumenfeld told me so, and I always take the word of my superiors.

Thalw. There you do very wrong: when your superiors are at war with each other, they tell greater lies than the newspapers.

Trap. That may be, Sir: but it is the duty of a loyal subject to believe those lies.

Thalw. This time, you escape with a whole skin; but if I catch you again, I break your bones for you. Come, Trick, I want to speak to you.

[*Exit with* Trick.

Trap. So, he takes Trick with him. Oh! I understand: he has also made a good bargain of

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his services. Well done, comrade! Great people, I find, are very ready to recommend honesty to their own servants, but they are heartily glad, when they do not find it in other people's.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The Village.

Enter BLUMENFELD.

Blumenfeld.

I AM impatient to hear of the success of my letter. That Trap may have played me some confounded trick, and may have had the rascality to be true to his own master. I did wisely in leaving my own servant at the baron's, as a spy. Trick is incapable of any meanness, and will watch every secret spring that moves the whole house. Here's Trap at last. Well, my honest friend, how do we speed?

Enter TRAP.

Trap. Thank Heaven, you see me in a whole skin.

Blum. Fool! has the trick succeeded?

Trap. It would have succeeded to a hair; but one trifling circumstance spoilt all.

Blum. Did he recognize my hand-writing?

Trap. No, not that.

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Blum. You were a stupid bungler, probably, and betrayed yourself?

Trap. Not at all; but her ladyship, the mamma, has played us the cursed trick of dying, ten years ago!

Blum. The deuce take her; that was very disobliging on her part. But never mind: he were a fool that had not more than one string to his bow.

Trap. I see my master coming, and must sound a retreat.

Blum. I hope the brick-maker will keep his word.

Trap. He has already sallied forth, with a lighted match. Make ready! present! fire!

[*Exit.*

Enter THALWICK, *and* TRICK *disguised like a German doctor.*

Thalw. My dear Blumenfeld, we must be off this instant.

Blum. How so?

Thalw. You recollect the waggons loaded with cotton, that passed through the village a few days ago?

Blum. Yes.

Thalw. The cotton came from Smyrna.

Blum. With all my heart.

Thalw. The driver put up at the public-house: the inn-keeper, a rogue, stole one of the bales: the waggoners did not miss it, and proceeded the next morning with the rest. The fellow immediately opens the stolen bale, faints, a fever comes upon him. This respectable man—the surgeon of the next village—is sent for: he comes, sees boils upon the inn-keeper's breast; and in short, it is the plague.

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Blum. The plague!

Thalw. Yes, the plague. Is it not, Sir?

Trick. (Nods.) Oy, oy!

Blum. You don't say so?

Thalw. The inn-keeper and his wife are already dead; the children are given over: all the peasants that have taken their dram there since, feel the first symptoms of the distemper in every limb. Is it not so, Sir?

Trick. (Nods.) Oy, oy!

Blum. 'Tis a most shocking occurrence.

Thalw. They are packing every thing up at the castle. The baron and his family are going directly to town.

Blum. They are perfectly in the right.

Thalw. This skilful surgeon says we ought not to stop one moment in this infected air. Is it not so, Sir?

Trick. (Nods.) Oy, oy!

Thalw. That all communication with the village must be cut off.

Blum. He is perfectly in the right.

Thalw. The mare is put to my cabriolet; my horse is saddled; I have courage to face the enemy, but not the plague.

Blum. 'Tis no disgrace to retreat before such a foe.

Thal. Then step into my cabriolet, I will trot along side of you, and our servants can follow. There is not a moment to be lost; is there, Sir?

Trick. (Nods.) Oy, oy!

Thalw. I might have left the village alone, but friendship urged me not to go without you; and, for your sake, to risk my life another quarter of an hour.

Blum. I shall always remember your affectionate kindness with gratitude.

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Thalw. Well, then; come, before it is too late.

Blum. And yet, after all, I have a mind to wait the issue.

Thalw. Are you raving! to wait the issue of the plague!

Blum. There is, alas! little doubt that we are both smitten with an infectious disease, but the Smyrna cotton is not the cause of it: it is a pair of fine eyes, that has thrown us into a fever. Let your cabriolet be put up again; for, by Heaven, if the plague stared me in the face, I would not stir an inch. Try something else. Ha! ha! ha! [*Exit.*

Thalw. You scoundrel, I saw you laughing over your right shoulder.

Trick. Oh dear, no Sir; if I had, my master would have made me laugh over the left. But how did I act my part?

Thalw. A difficult part truly!

Trick. Most assuredly. To hold one's tongue and give a silent vote of approbation, is now-a-days the *ne plus ultra* of politics.

Thalw. Go quickly, and change your dress; we must immediately spring another mine—

Trick. Which in the end, I fear, will blow me up in the explosion. [*Exit.*

Thalw. Truly, men are never more fertile in invention, than when they want to cheat their fellow-creatures.

Enter MICHAEL.

Mich. Charming ducats! It does one good to look at them, but to handle them is absolutely to feed an appetite. A comical gentleman! He might have bought the most splendid firework in Germany with the money.

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Thalw. (*Turning round.*) What do I see! a fire!

Mich. Oh! don't be alarmed, Sir; it is only my old brick-shed burning.

Thalw. How can you know that, friend? The fire seems a good distance off.

Mich. I think I ought to know it. I set fire to it myself.

Thalw. For what reason?

Mich. Because I was well paid for it. Look here, Sir, a whole handful of gold. I can build up three such sheds for the money.

Thalw. Who bade you set fire to it?

Mich. I must not tell that, Sir.

Thalw. (*Drawing his sword.*) Fellow, confess this instant; or I drive you into your own fire.

Mich. Ah, since you are so importunate—that Captain, your friend.

Thalw. Captain Blumenfeld? For what purpose?

Mich. That I do not know. You military gentlemen delight in making a blaze.

Thalw. I know enough: you may go.

Mich. Should your honour have a fancy to see another brick-shed on fire, I have two or three more in different places, which I shall be proud to burn for half the money.

Thalw. I see the Captain coming; begone I say.

Mich. For one hundred ducats I would burn them all. [*Exit.*

Thalw. I must appear to know nothing of this business. [*Assumes a meditating posture.*

Enter CAPTAIN BLUMENFELD.

Blum. (*Calling after him.*) Quick—saddle my

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horses—alarm the village—send for the fire-engine.

Thalw. What's the matter, Captain?

Blum. Are you blind! don't you see the great fire?

Thalw. Yes; assuredly.

Blum. A whole village in flames.

Thalw. Bless my soul! the poor people must be saved from destruction.

Blum. Certainly, I fly. I have ordered my horse to be saddled. Quick, do you the same.

Thalw. Certainly; one reads so often in the newspapers of the generous conduct of the military, of their doing wonders at fires.

Blum. For that reason we will distinguish ourselves.

Thalw. And if not for the sake of the newspapers, humanity commands us.

Blum. True, the newspapers and humanity! only make haste.

Thalw. It is so sweet to assist the afflicted.

Blum. It is a divine pleasure.

Thalw. To save a child from the flames.

Blum. To bring it to it's distracted mother.

Thalw. To hear her stammered thanks.

Blum. But if you don't go soon, a dozen little children may be burnt.

Thalw. Ride on; I'll follow you instantly.

Blum. I should be selfish to earn alone the glory of a noble action.

Thalw. The glory of a true friend excites no envy in my breast.

Blum. I cannot conceive how a heart, so charitable as your's, can brook all this delay.

Thalw. I tell you what, Blumenfeld; my heart, charitable as it is, is likewise on fire, and that's a flame that concerns me more nearly.

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I am sorry for your ducats, but if all the brick-sheds in the neighbourhood were on fire, I would not stir: Ha! ha! ha!

Blum. Confound you! but expect me shortly to renew the attack with double vigour. I acquire strength from opposition; and feel more than the interest of love in the combat.

Thalw. The strength of love alone to me's a host;
And may he win her, who shall love her most.

[*Exeunt.*

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ACT II. SCENE I.

Scene a Room in the Baron's Castle.

Enter CHARLOTTE, CAPTAIN THALWICK, *and* CAPTAIN BLUMENFELD.

Thalwick.

HERE we come, Miss Altorf, wafted by the wings of love.

Blum. Driven in the car of hope.

Charl. Descend from your vehicle, then, gentlemen, for I am on foot.

Thalw. We wait upon you, madam, to report to you the progress of our contest, and to know to what lengths we are to carry it.

Charl. To the other side of the land-mark; nothing shorter.

Blum. Cruel Charlotte! Is this the reward for all my gallantry? When your horse stumbled in passing the defile along the neighbouring mountain, who caught the bridle, and saved you from instant precipitation?

Charl. He who reminds me of an obligation, Blumenfeld, discharges it. This is not generous. Thalwick's services, (and to Thalwick too, I am indebted for substantial services), Thalwick's obligations bind me still.

Blum. Then he is the happy man after all.

Charl. I do not say so: I am not apt to fly from my promises. I have given my word for the maintenance of the strictest impartiality in this

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singular contest, and I will abide the event of it. Cheer up Thalwick! will that mood brighten your wit?

Song.

Courage! prepare another charge!
No battle lasts for ever!
To ev'ry lance oppose a targe,
And be dishearten'd never!

Let each of my combatants rally his wit;
Who knows upon which crest, may victory sit.
To Thal. To hover on *your* head the bird may appear;
To Blum. But at last her tir'd wing may compose itself here.

To Blum. Nor be too soon elate:
The decision of fate
The sanguinest prospects may mar.
To both. Let each fight his best,
And abandon the rest
To love and the fortune of war.

Thalw. Charming Girl! her encouragement has given me a new head to conceive, and I'll go seek my old hand to execute. [*Exit.*

Charl. Why do you remain here alone, Captain?

Blum. Ah! Miss Altorf, I am never alone; your image haunts me every where.

Charl. If that is the case, it must at last become a very troublesome companion.

Blum. Willingly, no doubt, would I exchange it for the original.

Charl. The original, you know, has no will of its own, but will be the passive prize of the conqueror.

Blum. Rather the active rewarder! Ah, that I could but cry "victory;" but we are both so vigilantly on our guard, that this campaign may last a long while yet.

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Charl. At least you can cry "to arms!" I am determined to await the issue of the whole patiently.

Blum. Yes, you indeed! your heart is as cold as an ice-house.

Charl. I am like the predestinarians: what fate has decreed for me, I receive with resignation.

Enter TRICK, *out of breath, not perceiving Charlotte.*

Trick. Oh, dear Sir! I am a dead man.

Blum. Well, that's no great loss.

Trick. And you too will be a dead man, presently.

Blum. What, has the plague broken out again?

Trick. No, Sir; but he is off with her.

Blum. Who? with whom?

Trick. The Captain with the young lady,

Blum. Indeed!

Trick. Mount your horse instantly and pursue them. Perhaps you may still overtake them.

Blum. Did you see it yourself?

Trick. With my own eyes, Sir; since you ordered me to become a spy, I see and spy every thing. Miss Altorf was taking a walk on the hill by the high-road; the Captain lurking behind. Suddenly he rushed forward, carried the young lady into the carriage, and off they set as fast as the horses could trot.

Blum. And of all this you were a quiet spectator.

Trick. What was I to do? I hallooed out, "Captain Thalwick! that's not fair." I was going to seize the reins; but he so flourished his whip over my shoulders, that respect seized all my limbs. For Heaven's sake, dear master, make

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haste; be off instantly; there's not a moment to be lost.

Blum. And did Charlotte make no resistance? Did she not scream out?

Trick. Not a sound or sigh did she utter? Between ourselves, Sir, I think it was a preconcerted scheme.

Blum. Is that true, Miss Altorf?

Charl. What, Trick! did I not scream?

Trick. (*Staring at her with his mouth open.*) I will not positively pretend to say. Let's see. Ah dear! now I recollect, the young lady screamed out so dreadfully, that the Captain was obliged to drive her home again.

Charl. Oh, he has brought me safe home again! has he? Thank you kindly, Mr. Trick. You see, Captain Blumenfeld, what it is to scream out lustily.

Trick. True, a scream is a woman's natural protector. In all her wrongs that signal of distress brings the violator for a moment to his senses, and attracts the help of every being who is worthy of the name of man.

Charl. True; but it is very fatiguing.

Blum. What! to scream?

Charl. Yes; I own that scream of mine has quite taken away my breath. I am completely flurried, and must take a little repose from the fatigues of my journey. Good bye, Captain! Good bye! Ha, ha, ha! [*Exit.*

Blum. What, Trick, my horse not saddled yet! Then I'll saddle you.

Trick. What for, Sir! the danger is over, thank Heaven.

Blum. Not till I have treated you with two hundred lashes for your pains, scoundrel!

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Trick. I do not desire any reward, Sir, whatever, for my pains.

Blum. Oh, I can't think of remaining in your debt.

Trick. Do not take it amiss, dear Sir; but this is always the consequence when people bribe strange rogues, and let their own natural flesh and blood starve. Trap sold his integrity for half-a-crown. With bitter grief did I see that you did not place any confidence in my talents. This rouzed my honour, (for honour is my foible), and made me go instantly and get bribed.

Blum. This time I pardon you. Go and inform your suborner how it has fared with you, and tell him I want to speak to him very particularly.

Trick. I suppose he has thought of another stratagem. [*Exit.*

Blum. The fellow is right. When men try to seduce the servants of others, they are not aware that by so doing they undermine the fidelity of their own. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Before the BARON'S *House.*

BLUMENFELD *comes out of the Gate.*

Blum. (*Drawing an open letter from his pocket.*) Now I draw the last string of my bow. If this don't succeed, I go to bed in order to give repose to my wearied faculties, and to rise, like Antæus, the giant refreshed.

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Enter TRAP.

Blum. Trap, you are now going to perform a master-piece, nothing less than to represent my own person.

Trap. Oh, Sir, the honour is too great.

Blum. I know that, and therefore let honour inspire you to greater efforts.

Trap. If one could but drink honour, like a bottle of wine!

Blum. Go into my room, disguise yourself in my cloak, put on my hat with the high feather; press it down over your eyes; muffle your face in the mantle; and then make your appearance here.

Trap. Are these all my instructions?

Blum. My carriage is ready; the captain will come, and you are to get in with him.

Trap. Inside, Sir?

Blum. Yes, inside to be sure.

Trap. Ah, Sir! I am so used to get up behind, that I am afraid—

Blum. Blockhead! in our times, many people that have stood behind the carriage, now ride inside. In short, do you get inside, and before him, too.

Trap. But if he should speak to me —

Blum. You are not to answer, or at best, only by a sigh; and squeeze yourself up in the corner.

Trap. But what is all this to come to?

Blum. The postilion has his instructions: do you ride over the boundary, and then you may discover yourself.

Trap. And then I am a dead man; he will kill me on the spot; and my cross will thencefor-

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ward serve to make the boundary of the Baron's estate.

Blum. Nonsense! A sound drubbing is all that you venture.

Trap. Indeed! Charming prospects.

Blum. You have the prospect of my full purse: for every blow a ducat.

Trap. And if I should miscount them in my agony?

Blum. I'll compound liberally. Are you now satisfied?

Trap. Agreed! My mother was a fortune-teller; she often predicted of me that I should become an officer, and now I see that she understood her art. [*Exit.*

Blum. Here comes the Captain! Now for the powers of a Proteus.

Enter Captain THALWICK.

Thalw. Blumenfeld, you sent for me. A parley!

Blum. Yes my dear friend; I wish to have some conversation with you, upon a serious business. You see very well that we are both so cunning, we shall never out-wit each other.

Thalw. One ought not to despair.

Blum. Why as to that, neither am I at my wit's end; but something has turned up which brings grist to your mill.

Thalw. What, is your mill burned down! Another conflagration. Let us hear it.

Blum. Seriously; I have told you once before, that my first love was an amiable, handsome girl;

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but unfortunately too rich, and of too great a family.

Thalw. The father, I recollect, a General, bedecked with honours, would not give his daughter to a poor Captain.

Blum. We were obliged to part, and swore eternal fidelity.

Thalw. An eternity of four weeks.

Blum. By no means; for a whole twelvemonth have I sighed like a poet; but when I found that the old codger was not disposed to die; and, what is more, when I saw Charlotte here—

Thalw. To be sure that's an excuse.

Blum. But for all that, first love is a comical thing; it sleeps sometimes; but it is a slumber which the softest breath of air can awaken.

Thalw. Perhaps you wish to persuade me that this first love of your's has risen from its slumbers.

Blum. Joking apart, my friend; read this letter that I have just received. The old General is dead; my Caroline, the rich heiress, tells me that she is beset and tormented by lovers, but that she remains true to her vow, and awaits me with impatience.

Thalw. *(Reads.)* Yes, so I see.

Blum. Well, what shall I do?

Thalw. My advice you may easily guess. Drive over the boundary as fast as possible.

Blum. I have given the matter a serious reflection. As to beauty and riches, Charlotte and Caroline are equals; but the former leaves to chance the choice of her husband, whereas the other prefers me before all her lovers. Charlotte, perhaps, favours the victory of my rival; while Caroline, for my sake, renounces every other connection.

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Thalw. Very judicious and prudent reflections.

Blum. And above all, my friendship for thee.

Thalw. Ah, your humble servant.

Blum. Why that incredulous smile? perhaps you think that it is only a new invention. But I tell you that the horses are put to the carriage, and that I am ready to drive off.

Thalw. If you do that, I wish you a pleasant journey. But do not take it amiss of me; I shall not trust you till you are gone.

Blum. Convince yourself: accompany me as far as the boundary. Indeed, I request it as a last favour: for to confess the truth, however firmly my resolution is fixed, still my heart fails me, at the idea of parting for ever from Charlotte. But I'll not see her again; I'll throw myself into the carriage, shut the blinds, and not look back till out of danger.

Thalw. On these conditions, I accompany you.

Blum. Till then I fear I shall be very bad company; for in my present state of mind, you must not expect to be entertained with my conversation. Spare me, therefore, all questions; for, muffled and wrapt up in my cloak, and in thought, a nod or a mutter will be all you can expect.

Thalw. As to that, do as you please; only, one more condition I must make.

Blum. And what is that?

Thalw. When we come to the land-mark, we both get out, and you pass it before me. After that, we will get in again, and drive on.

Blum. Still mistrustful! Well, be it so.

Thalw. Then let us quickly get into the carriage.

Blum. I'll just go for my cloak, and be with you in an instant. [*Exit.*

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Thalw. Can all this be his real intention?

Blum. (Returning.) One thing more, Captain: you'll excuse me to Charlotte?

Thalw. Of course.

Blum. And to her father?

Thalw. Make yourself perfectly easy.

Blum. Well then, wait a moment. [*Exit.*

Thalw. There's no doubt but this is some new snare of his. By his honest looks one would think him sincere, but I'll not trust him. Trick! Where the devil is the rascal? Trick! [*Exit.*

Enter TRAP, *with* BLUMENFELD'S *Cloak and Cap, shy and softly.*

Trap. I wish it was all over. This masquerade I fear, will be a dear frolic to me.

Enter THALWICK, *unobserved.*

Thalw. I have given Trick his instructions. So, there is Blumenfeld. His sneaking is very suspicious. And why has he muffled himself up to the teeth?

Trap. (With a soft and trembling voice, hums a tune.)

Thalw. A strange mood my friend seems to be in. [*Hides in an arbour.*

Trap. (Aside.) My courage is on the wing; if this lasts much longer, it will fly to the devil.

Thalw. What the deuce is Trick about?

Trap. Zounds, here comes my master!

Enter TRICK, *with* THALWICK'S *Cloak and Cap.*

Trick. (Coughs.)

Trap. (Whose attention is attracted by the noise, salutes him.)

Trick. (Fearfully puts his hand out of the cloak, and takes that of Trap.) Hem—hem.

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Trap. (Shaking his hand.) Hem—hem.

Trick. (Makes signs to offer to go to the carriage.) Hem—hem.

Trap. (Nods.) Hem—hem. *(They compliment each other a little as to priority. At last Trap runs off quickly, and Trick after him.)*

Thalw. (Steps forward out of the arbour to listen to and observe them.) Excellent! they are getting in—they are sitting down—drive on my boy—that's it—off they go. *(He goes to the back ground, and follows them with his eyes.)* They proceed at full gallop—now they are turning the corner. In less than ten minutes they will have passed the land-mark, and Charlotte is mine. Hark! I hear no more—yes, now the carriage is rattling over the bridge. [*He remains listening.*

Enter BLUMENFELD *in the Fore-ground.*

Blum. (*Without seeing* Thalwick.) They are really gone. Have I then overreached him at last? Even if he should discover the trick, out of the carriage he can't stir. The driver has received too good a fee for that: he does not care for swearing or roaring, and will not stop till he is over the boundary.

Thalw. Now to my charmer.

Blum. Now to Charlotte. *(They run against each other, recoil and stare at each other for some time with amazement.)* What, do I see you, Thalwick?

Thalw. I thought Captain Blumenfeld was already on his road to the rich bride.

Blum. And Captain Thalwick promised to accompany him.

Thalw. So I was going to be made a fool of!

Blum. I have done my best; but old birds, it seems, are not to be caught with chaff.

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Thalw. And pray who had the honour to play the part of Captain Blumenfeld?

Blum. Your Trap.

Thalw. What a rascal!

Blum. And pray who might perform Captain Thalwick?

Thalw. Your Trick.

Blum. What a scoundrel!

Thalw. So the two fellows are driving together over the boundary.

Blum. Ha, ha, ha! mutually overawed. It's a pity you can't enjoy the joke.

Thalw. Blumenfeld, I don't understand such a joke.

Blum. Why, you make a face like the furious Achilles.

Thalw. You have insulted me.

Blum. How so?

Thalw. Bribed my servant.

Blum. And you mine.

Thalw. Disguised him as an officer.

Blum. And you mine.

Thalw. It was only from necessity that I resorted to that species of cunning; but you have not only dishonoured the whole profession, but have insulted me by your conduct.

Blum. Nonsense! you are not in your senses.

Thalw. I was to be the laughing-stock of my own servant.

Blum. You were to go over the boundary; that's all.

Thalw. It would have been a most charming scene, to see me standing, like an idiot, before my rascal of a servant; and he biting his tongue off not to laugh in my face. Upon my word, I am surprised I can keep my temper another moment, and talk of this insult in cool blood.

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Blum. I tell you what, Thalwick, don't provoke me. I have a temper to lose, as well as you.

Thalw. That, to be sure, would be a great misfortune.

Blum. I make every allowance for the *foibles* of a friend; but at the same time, matters may be carried too far.

Thalw. Your courage makes you very forbearing.

Blum. You put my good-humour to a severe test.

Thalw. Mine you have already exhausted. In short, I demand satisfaction.

Blum. You are joking.

Thalw. By Heavens, I am not.

Blum. We have both promised not to fight.

Thalw. For Charlotte: but in this case she is out of the question.

Blum. I don't see that at all; only you seem to ransack your brain to pick a quarrel, because you despair to get the better of me by cunning.

Thalw. You seem to have taken out a patent for reading other people's thoughts. Probably, you even know what I am thinking of now.

Blum. Yes, you think to win by your hand, what you could not obtain by your head.

Thalw. No, I think that my brother-captain has a great mind to sneak out of a duel.

Blum. Thalwick, nobody has yet dared to say thus much to me.

Thalw. That surprises me; for I see that one ventures nothing by it.

Blum. (Drawing his sabre.) Blood and wounds;

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if you are bent on playing the fool, I must comply.

Thalw. At last his military ardour is roused.

Blum. And since it is awakened, I beg you will make haste.

Thalw. My sword, against your sabre, is an unequal weapon.

Blum. A frivolous pretext.

Thalw. I fight only with pistols.

Blum. Have you forgotten that my pistols are at the gun-maker's?

Thalw. One of mine is at your service. *(Draws out a pair.)*

Blum. (Sheathing his sabre.) Be it so. I am satisfied. It is madness for me to fight you; but recollect you insisted upon it.

Thalw. (Offers him pistols.) Chuse.

Blum. (Taking one.) Either.

Thalw. Eight paces.

Blum. As you please.

Thalw. (Measures.) Where do you stan

Blum. 'Tis all one. *(He places himself.)*

Thalw. Well, fire.

Blum. You say you are the offended party; therefore fire first.

Thalw. Very well. *(After aiming, fires.)*

Blum. You have missed.

Thalw. So I see.

Blum. So I feel. Now it's my turn.

Thalw. I know it.

Blum. If I fire my pistol in the air—?

Thalw. Then we load again.

Blum. Are you quite infatuated?

Thalw. One of us must fall.

Blum. Then I'll wing you. *(Fires.)*

Thalw. Ha! *(Falls backwards, twists himself on the ground, and claps his hand to his breast.)*

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Blum. *(Approaches him.)* For Heaven's sake, Thalwick!

Thalw. Right through the breast.

Blum. Cursed passion!

Thalw. Fly, fly! Make haste—my horse—tied to that tree. Fly for your life.

Blum. He is dying.—Unfortunate that I am! What shall I do? My head turns round. Come what will, I'll not leave you. I am a lost man,

Thalw. *(Aside.)* Not leave me! Then it is I that am lost. *(aloud.)* Blumenfeld, I forgive you, and bequeath Charlotte to your protection. When I am no more, she shall be your's. *(ambiguously.)* But for the present, for Heaven's sake, fly!

Blum. Generous Thalwick!

Bar. *(Without.)* Here, John, Philip!

Blum. The family are alarmed. I must take your advice. Forgive me. Adieu!

Enter the BARON *and* CHARLOTTE *from the House.*

Bar. What is all this firing before my door?

Charl. Oh Heaven's! Captain Thalwick—and dead!

Bar. Impossible! Five minutes ago, I saw him in conversation with Blumenfeld.

Charl. Dreadful anticipation! Thalwick is the victim to my fatal project.

Bar. It must be so; for see he gallops off like a madman, and is now passing the boundary.

Thalw. *(Jumping up.)* Victory! Huzza! the prize!

Charl. For Heaven's sake explain.

Thalw. He thinks he has killed me.

Bar. What! a duel?

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Thalw. I picked a quarrel with him *pro formâ.* I knew that his pistols were not at hand, and that mine were loaded only with powder. He fled; he has already passed the boundary, and I have won the prize.

Bar. Cunning dog that you are! I pity Blumenfeld. Poor fellow! I will ride after him directly. What do I see? 'Tis Blumenfeld returning as fast as he went away, doubtless suspecting the trick.

Thalw. Oh, he will be time enough for the wedding, never fear. Miss Charlotte, you keep your word, of course?

Charl. I cannot depart from my agreement, although this artifice may prognosticate the fate that awaits me after marriage.

Thalw. 'Twas love alone that inspired my wit.

Enter TRAP *and* TRICK *in their disguises, arm in arm.*

Thalw. Ha! ha! ha! Here come the masqueraders! Well, which of you kept his countenance longest? But you seem not to have pulled off the masks yet.

Trap. We had nearly reached the boundary, Sir, before we made the mutual discovery, which re-assured the confidence of every bone in our respective skins.

Trick. (In liquor.) We were then obliged, Sir, to drink a bottle in compliment to our unexpected meeting. Od's life, here's my master, the Captain Blumenfeld.

Enter BLUMENFELD.

Bar. Well, Captain, the hand's bestowed at last, and we trust you will dance off the disap-

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pointment, and endeavour to view the bright side of it.

Thalw. I ought to use my victory with moderation, Blumenfeld: and have to apologize for the feelings of quarrel and alarm which I have occasioned you. But there's your beautiful, rich, faithful, and impatient Caroline, Still waiting for you, you know.

Blum. I prithee truce; It is as I suspected, and I must acknowledge I am fairly bit. But it is not because I have lost a wife, that I ought to discard three good friends. I'll make the merriest man of your party now, with all my disappointments.

Charl. I am confirmed in the good opinion I always entertained of Captain Blumenfeld; and with all my love for Thalwick, hope I may be permitted to say, that to trust the issue of this choice in some degree to Fortune, was (when I had to decide between such men) not an unjustifiable measure. I can now frankly own my preference for Captain Thalwick, who is the only man I could have chosen before Captain Blumenfeld.

Thalw. Thanks Charlotte; and the high esteem I have for my friend, gives value to the compliment.

And now with Charlotte; let me *living* prove
Joys earn'd by showing "How to Die for Love."

FINALE.

'Tis thus that all generous contests should end,
My mistress, my wife, and my rival my friend;
'Tis thus that all generous contests should end,
If the one is the husband the other the friend.

FINIS.

H. Hewitt, Printer,
8, White Hart Yard Drury-lane.

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SONG—THE BARON—Page 11.

The brave may deserve, but 'tis love wins the fair,
And Cupid is odds against Mars,
Love scorns to be forc'd, for he's free as the air,
And was never addicted to wars.

If he fights 'tis in ambush, tho' never in vain,
His arrows fly sure to the mark,
They feel in the bosom the throb of the pain,
Tho' the rogue gives the wound in the dark.

SONG—THALWICK—Page 25.

To win the maid I'll try my skill,
My pow'r of cheating prove,
And they may blame my tricks who will,
For tricking's fair in love.

Great Jove himself would flatter, sigh
And kneel, a prize to gain,
But wanting Herme's aid would try,
Young Cupid's art in vain.

SONG—TRAP—Page 35.

Mother a Gypsey by trade,
Fortunes would tell, as she went about,
Dad was a tinkering blade,
I used to carry the tent about,
For dinner, a hen roost I'd rob,
Kettle to work, if folks lend 'em,
Father was sure of a job,
Mother made holes and dad mended 'em;
Fal de ral lal de ral la
Strolling is never a weary life,
Who had the piper to pay,
I car'd not, so led a merry life.

People thought mother a witch,
So true she foretold, it astonish'd 'em,
Then they grew lazy and rich,
Of gout and French wines she'd admonish 'em;
A butt of small beer slowly flows,
Soon she predicts a new barrel in,
One pulls another man's nose,
She can forsee ther'll be quarrelling.
Fall de ral &c.

Father and mother I've heard,
Ever were stirring the strife of it,
She always had the last word,
They led but a cat and dog life of it;
You wish your Wife dead you old dog,
My lovey you lie or a kin to it,
For I once pull'd you out of a bog,
Yes, but you first kick'd me into it.
Fal de ral &c.

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